Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere,

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue you Gentlemen.

Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter cal'd *Katerina*, and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina.*

Gre. You are to blunt, go to it orderly.

Petr. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue?
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affabilitie and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behauiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eie the witnesse
Of that report, Which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne the more my greife.

Pet. I see you doe not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Petruchio is my name *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap.

Bap. I know him well: you
Gre. Sauing your tale *Pet*
petitioners speake too? *Bacare*
Pet. Oh, pardon me signio
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But
Your wooing neighbors: this
Very gratefull, I am sure of it,
The like kindnesse my selfe, t
More kindely beholding to yo
Freely giue vnto this yong sch
Beene long studying at *Rheme*
In Greeke, Latine, and other
As the other in musicke and M
His name is *Cambio*: pray you
Bap. A thousand thanks sig
Welcome good *Cambio.* But
Me thinkes you walke like a str
May I be so bold, to know the
Tra. Pardon me sir, the bo
That being a stranger in this C
Do make my selfe a sutor to yo
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuou
Nor is your firme resolue, vnk
In the preferment of the eldest
This Libertie is all that I reque
That vpon knowledge of my p
I may haue welcome 'mongst
And free accesse and fauour as
And toward the education of y
I heere bestow a simple instru
And this small packet of Greek
If you accept them, then their
Bap. Lucentio is your name
Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to
Bap. A mightie man of *Pis*
I know him well: you are verie
Take you the Lute, and you the
You shall go see your pupils pre
Holla, within.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12